



# Risks



14 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Anna Cook

Peter:

I pressed my face against the window. It was ice cold from the rain. She rode her bike in circles around the street. Her long, wet hair whipping across her face. Eventually a couple of other kids from the neighborhood joined her. They all rode back in forth in the street screaming and shouting random words that had no meaning to me. I watched her tear through a huge mud puddle, splashing everyone near her. They all laughed. She was so wild and free, it was fascinating. She was so far from anything I had ever known, but I still loved her.

Madeline:

I glanced up and saw him staring at me through his upstairs window. I waved, but he just turned away.

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